greater part of the cost of the tomb which his mother erected in memory of her life's romance, and Haji Begum, after her pilgrim-age to Mecca in search of spiritual joys, now that earthly pleasure was dead, was put in charge of her husband's tomb, and a college of learning was held in the rooms of the dome and many men of learning and influence lived there.

In Haji Begum's garden are planted flowers as varied in their hue as the colour of the hours of her chequered life. There hang the red tubes of the malpingia with the hot spicy smell of expectancy ; there grow the point-settia, gultasbi, and hibiscus, all glorious in various tones of scarlet, as fiery flames and flamingo birds. There too creeps the mourn-ing pachpati, with flowers and leaves in dull hues of mauves and greens as of a persistent grief.

The small yellow puff-balls of the kika, and the green-flowered variety where the shy blossoms in their retirement give out a

sweeter smell, and the treacherous neams with their pale feathery fronds secreted in ambush, but giving scents which breed madness in the brain. The gardenia, whose flowers of snow-